

The HUNTING of the GODS.



SONGS of Sonnets and rustical Roundelays,
Forms of Fancies are whistl'd on Reeds,
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful Deeds;
Phæbus Ingenious,
With Witty Silenus,
His haughty Genius taught to declare;
In Words better coin'd,
And Verse better join'd,
How Stars divin'd the Hunting the Hare.

Stars enamour'd with Pastimes Olympical,
Stars and Planets yet beautiful shone,
Would no longer endure that Mortal Men only
Should Swim in Pleasures, while they but look on.
Round about horned
Lucina they Swarmed,
And her informed, how minded they were,
Each God and Goddess,
To take human Bodies,
As Lords and Ladies to follow the Hare:
Chaste Diana Applauded the Motion,
And Pale Proserpina sat in her place,
Which guides the Welkin and governs the Ocean;
While she conducted her Nephews in chase;
Till by her Example,

Their Father to trample,
The Earth Old and Ample, leave they the Air;
Neptune the Water,
And Wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the Slaughter, to follow the Hare.

Young God Cupid Mounted on Pegasus,
Beloved of Nymphs, with Kisses and Praise,
Strong Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,
Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;
Postillion of the Sky,
Swift footed Mercury,
Makes his course fly fleet as the Air,
Yellow Apollo,
The Kennel doth follow,
With whip and hallow after the Hare.
Young Amintas thought the Gods came to breath
After their Battel, themselves on the Ground,
Thirst did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,
And that hereafter the World would go round.
Corydon aged,
With Phillis engaged,
Was much enraged with jealous Despair;
But Fury was faded,
And he was perswaded,
When he found they applauded the Hunting the Hare.

Cunning Melampus, and Fortunate Lalaps,
Jowler, and Tyger, and Harper, the Skies
Rend with Roaring while Hunter-like Hercules,
Winds his plentiful Horn to their Cries.
Till with Varieties,
To Solace their Deities,
Their weary Pieties refreshed were;
We Shepherds were seated,
Whilst we repeated,
How we conceited the Hunting the Hare.

Stars but Shadows were, Joys were but Sorrows,
They without motion, these wanting delight,
Joys are Jovial, Delights are the Murrows
Of Life and Motion, the Axel of Might.
Pleasure depends
Upon no other Friends,
But still freely lends to each Virtue a share;
Alone is Pleasure,
The measure of Treasure;
Of Pleasure, the Treasure is Hunting the Hare:

Drowned Narcissus from his Metamorphosis,
Rowzed by Echo new Manhood did take;
And Snoring Somnus up started from Cimmer,
The which this Thousand Year was not awake,
To see club-footed
Old Mulciber Booted,
And Pan promoted on Corydon's Mare;
Proud Pallas pouted,
And Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet followed the Hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Aërea,
The Jest takes hold of Minerva the Old,
Ceres the Brown, with bright Cytherea,
With Thetis the Wanton, Bellona the Bold,
Shamesac'd Aurora,
With witty Pandora.
And Maia with Flora did company bear:
But Juno was Stated,
Too high to be Mated,
Although she hated not Hunting the Hare.

Three broad Bowls to th' Olympical Rector,
The Troy-born Boy presents on his Knee.
Jove to Phæbus carouses in Nectar,
And Phæbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Where with Insuled,
I Piped and Mused,
In Language unused, their sports to declare,
Till the House of Jove;
Like the Spheres round do move,
Health to all those that love, the Hunting of the Hare.

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